

We published a few weeks since a powerful tale from 'Caleb Stukeley' in Blackwood—detailing with graphic skill and great ability the slow but constant process of cruelty by which a drunken clergyman had murdered his wife—while the son, a young man, was at school. In the Nov. number it is concluded. The clergyman persuades his daughter to bring home her brother to attend the funeral, solemnly promising to abstain from all harsh or irritating language. She consents—visits her brother, finds that he, too, has become the victim of the wine-cup, and returns to her home. The sad tale then proceeds:—

"Ah—yes," said he, recovering himself, "it is you—who seated, Emma. He has come, of course?"

"He has," I answered.

"Well—and he is well-disposed, is tranquil, as he should be on the sad occasion?"

"He has said little," I replied. "He has not risen. It was late last night when he reached home."

"Well, I shall see him soon. Does he return to-morrow?"

"It is his intention."

"Good. He will be soon provided for. I have provided for him an appointment in India. Tell him so. It is better that he should pass the little time that he will remain in England away from home. It may save a breach. I cannot brook contradiction. I do not wish to gail and irritate him. He is over-hasty, I have heard. But he seems peaceable, and disposed to keep so, I think you said?"

"Father," said I, "for Heaven's sake be cautious! Who shall answer for the effects of a single dram? Cease to be master of myself, and I foresee the consequences. As sure as I am speaking, there will be mischief that never can be forgiven or repaired. Be warned in time, and avoid to-night the furious insensibility, from which you will wake to-morrow to imprecate yourself, and curse the very light in which you walk. For our own sake be advised, and flee, for this one day at least, from the horrible temptation."

"Oh, trust me!" answered my father, made uneasy by the terms in which I had ventured to address him, "trust me—I will be wise. Here—take the key of the cellar. Let one bottle of wine remain for dinner. Produce no more. If I ask for more, refuse it. You have me in your keeping. It is for you to prevent the mischief that you dread."

"Did I not," he said at length—"tell me, Emma—did I not obey her?"

"You did," I answered. "You never disobeyed her."

"But did I not offer a hundred times to come to her rescue? Did she not forbid it?"

"You have done your duty, Frederick. She was satisfied you had."

"If I thought otherwise, I could not live another hour. I am sure she was wrong; but I do not reproach myself for a strict compliance with her wishes."

"She is in heaven," I rejoined, "and smiles upon you for their final love."

"Where is *he*?" he asked, turning from the subject. "I have not met him yet."

"He has expected you for the last hour or two. Come to him. He desires to see you."

"No—not at present. I shall wait here until the ceremony compels me to endure his sight.—We are better and safer asunder. We will follow her to the grave in company. That is all he can require of me. I am happier alone. I could not talk with him."

and render him as helpless as the infant in the hold, and at the mercy of his excited and unfastened passions. I was aware, too, from many observations that had fallen from him, that his code of morality was lax, and justified to his mind acts that were criminal in themselves, and in the judgement of the world. His religious views had become fearfully dimmed, and he needed only the stimulus and the opportunity to become the sport and prey of notions that lead only to destruction. On these accounts I trembled for him, and begrudged every moment that I had passed away from him. Ill-fortified he was to be alone in any place. Here, where he walked in the midst of danger and evil solicitation, he needed a hand ever present to guide him, and to warn him of the mine that one inconsiderate step would set thundering beneath his very feet.

It takes but a little time to separate for ever the living from the dead, to place the latter in the cold, cold earth, and to render them, as though they had never been, objects for the memory, subjects intangible but by the unbounded never-dying mind. The last office was performed, and father and brother were once more in the house together. I know not what had passed between them during their short absence. Certain it is they had spoken. The partition that had previously separated them was broken down, and communication, if not of the most friendly character, was, at least, unreserved. In spite of the evident attempts made by my father to appear at ease, awkwardness and anxiety were manifest in every word and movement. Once having addressed Frederick, he could not remain for an instant silent, but turned from the subject of discourse to another, regardless of connexion or relaxation, as if silence were impossible to bear, and the least repose brought with it terror and alarm. Frederick, on his part, was taken by surprise, and by degrees regarded his parent with a kinder spirit than I had ever ventured to expect from the impassioned boy. He attended to his father's questionings, and he answered with respect. A ray of joy stole across my heart, and, for the moment, I flattered myself with years of unmolested happiness—of harmony and peace. Not a word was said of the sad occasion that brought us again together. That was avoided studiously. But Frederick's future prospects were spoken of, and the nature of his employment explained to him. He seemed pleased with the pursuit, and eager for active, profitable life. Notwithstanding, however, the favorable aspect which matters had assumed; notwithstanding the bright gleam that passed through our home, lighting it up with unaccustomed lustre, I did not lose my timidity, nor wholly rely upon the sudden and violent reaction. I lingered near father and son, and, as though filled with the premonition of what was too soon to happen, could not for any interval lose sight of them without anxiety, and an oppressive dread of danger.

Two hours I remained in my own room. I would not have quitted it again that evening, had not the never absent and tormenting anxiousness that accompanied every hour of my brother's sojourn with us driven me back again to observe the progress of the new-made reconciliation. I tripped confidently to the dining-room, opened the door, and was staggered, bewildered, and confounded by the view that I encountered there. Could I trust what my eyes presented to my waking mind? Or did I dream? Had I lost my recollection, my reason, in the conflict that my brain had undergone? The first object that I perceived upon the table was a *key!* the *duplicate* of that which I possessed—the conductor to the wine-cellar.—A vine of different kinds crowded the board, some in bottles, unopened; some in the like half emptied, and next to them vessels drained of their last drop. My father was transformed already into the wretched object that wine had ever rendered him. He had become wild, mad, and ignorant of his acts—his words—his thoughts. Frederick himself had partaken of the fearful beverage, until excitement glared in every feature of his disordered countenance, and his veins swelled with the hot and bounding blood that passed through them. It was an awful scene. One inconceivable word from either—one exclamation—one dangerous half whisper might be destruction to them both. Careless children were they at the mountain's edge, unconscious of danger, and ready to take the step that dashes them to pieces. Who should have courage to venture near, and drag the bodies back from the yawning breach? Who would risk life now for the chance of sparing it? Oh, such a one was needed here to speak the word that might appease and save the helpless men who had ventured to the very brink of ruin! In

nursed toward his father's sottish face. I remained at the door, fixed to the position in which my entrance had first placed me, and fearful of accelerating harm and evil by the progress of an inch.

"Tell me what you preach," exclaimed Frederick, laughing aloud and unmeaningly, "which side of the question do you espouse? They tell me you are a—what is it? a Calvinist. Who is he? Did he lose wine—did he drink as jolly as I do? Oh, you are a rare old sinner! ha, ha, ha," and he laughed on, and swallowed a glassful in the midst of it.

"Do not talk so wildly," said his father, endeavoring to escape from his side.

"And why not?" answered Frederick, rudely stopping him. "Who are you to order, and to say how a man is to speak or behave?"

My father writhed under his infection. He had a character to sustain which he had never studied—for which he was but ill prepared. He turned to burst the chains by which he felt himself enthralled. The dread of consequences kept him as submissive as the beaten slave. Mine was a cruel lot to observe in silence and in horror. I was summoned in honor of the taunting staff, and Frederick was again pursuing his doomed victim.

"Look there," said he, pointing to me; "that's your daughter. I am told that you have behaved most lovingly to her. Look at her, man," he continued, seizing him by the wrist, "and see that a color your kindness has brought upon her cheek. Look—she is paler than the lily, and that we know is joy's own color. You'll go to heaven for that too. Why, you are a noble fellow to

"I am a murderer. I have seen the coming and the young, without a crime, without a featherly burthen of an unconscious fault, cut down in beauty, and removed from the earth which they were just beginning to adorn and dignify—and *I knew you*—the tormentor of my life, and the vilest of your race, in whose atmosphere I live was to breathe pollution, and to suffer death. I knew you to be alive, gloriing in your defilement, pouring sorrow, distress, and misery on all who came within your reach, and rendering life a torment to all with whom you came in contact. I ask, then, how could I deem it wrong to remove you from the world the source of endless woe? One blow could do it. One blow, and in an instant there was peace for the most deserving. I could have struck you down, I could have dealt the blow without remorse—without one aching thought. Why then came I not to give it? I will not tell you—but there was good reason for my absence. You were preserved not through my forbearance. The cause that interfered between me and my strong desire exists no longer. Now I am free to act. Now I am here, and monster, that prevents the accomplishment of what I have

"I do not fear you," muttered my father, gnashing his teeth, and looking fiercely at his son. "I do not fear you, most unnatural villain!"

"Well said, unnatural father!" cried Frederick, in a laughing tone; "then sit you down, and we'll converse. You need not fear me. You say I dare not punish you for all your guilt; and I say, *You lie. I dare; but I will not.* The villain was more than half-right."

"You have had a good instructress!" was the lady's sarcasm. "Your mother?"

"Name her not," shrieked Frederick; the blood flushing from his cheek at the same moment, leaving it pale, ghastly, and fearful to behold. "Name her not. I dare not name her. I dare not trust myself to listen to the sound."

"She was punished for the usage I received from her, and so will you be, and so will she," continued he, pointing spitefully at me. "You will be smitten both, as she was smitten, when I cursed her for her cruelty—vildest of wretches, as she was."

"Be warned!" cried Frederick, swelling with anger, and struggling for composure, which he could not find. "Be warned, I say! Speak to your mother, Emma—warn us both!"

"Emma! warned us!" said the roused lunatic, resuming on the assurance he had received.—"Who threatens me? Do you remind me of the father? I have not forgotten it. The curse will smite the hand that was uplifted against your mother, as it has visited and destroyed her who was the miscreant, and taught him lessons that

The servant asked permission to leave me at the close of dinner, in order to visit the grave of their mistress, before it should be finally laid to rest for ever. It was a request that had its origin in affection, and I complied with it at once. They had been faithful and true friends; for years they had shared the affliction of my mother, and on her death had borne anger and submitted to reproach. We were about to lose them now. Insets of gold would not have purchased their services for my widowed father. They had already out on their errand of love, and the house was bereft. No one there could help me, and I flew to the village. Within a hundred yards of the parsonage I encountered old Adam. He was the my confidential, and in a few words I made the miserable business known to him.

"Be angry, I promised you nothing—not you like it was right. The wine betrayed me—set me in flames. Oh, Emma, Emma," he cried out, resting into tears, "what is to become of you? What is to be done? All gone—all gone!" I leaved to pacify him. "No, no," he cried, "kiss me gently from him; you mustn't kiss me now. Enter there—there—in that room, don't leave your brother, Emma. I will spare you one thing—you shall not see me on the gallows! Good-bye—poor girl—I did not mean it, Emma. It is the drink—the drink!"

"We did not permit him to proceed. Horrified by his words, I started from him. Adam had already preceded me, and we entered the dining-room at one and the same moment. *He was a corpse!* There, on the floor where I had left him, lay a motionless clod.

RADIATOR STOVES—Extra—R. D.
McELROY, 109 Beekman-street, near Water-st., manufactures and has on hand a superior assortment of Park Stoves, called the Philadelphia Radiators, which were presented by the celebrated John McElroy of Philadelphia, the last three or four years, is with it a parallel in this city, and they were introduced in this city last year with this success, which proves them to be the most satisfactory ever introduced into a parlor, taking less than half fuel of a grate, and are free from dust.

He has six sizes, and is able to meet almost any situation. They are made in New York, and the best that have used them in New-York and vicinity, and can be given as references:

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Samuel Williams, 111 Waverley place, "
John Degraw, 1 Stone-street, "
T. Morris, 160 West 4th-st., "
Messrs. Harnden & Co., 3 Wall-street, "
" Lyden & Co., 60 Liberty-street, "
Malby & Starr, 177 West-street, "
Malby, Abbott & Company, 155 Nassau-st., N. Y. "
E. B. Wyman, 27 Prospect-street, Brooklyn, "
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 1/65536 "..... 0 0000001
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Address Bank Cottage, Heleashburgh, Aug. 18, 1904.
My Dear Mr. Noble: Your kind letter I duly received, and have answered it immediately, but for a circumstance which I regretted very much. I am now a great deal more pleased than to best witness to all and send the real and, I am now satisfied, the lasting good I received from the use of Farr's Life Pills. Some of the friends of the cause, however, were not so much enough them, urged me strongly to make any case known encourage others afflicted with coughs, & to give them credit, and I was glad to receive from you the same assurance, as you were, that I was not mistaken. I rather thought I should fall in giving full justice to the efficacy of these Pills over all the medicines I have tried for my complaint, and you know I have never been able to catch colds, without being one whit better, and I am sure; and the last physician I consulted laughed at my ignorance when I asked him if he had ever known of any medicine giving such positive against taking colds. He shook his head and said 'No, no; there is no medicine.' Now, if I had been acquainted with the

...and the loss of my strength; all other medicines
weakening effect upon me but them. take three,
and sometimes five pills every twenty-four hours, and
the result of being kept in bed, and the use of the
Pain-Expeller, the animal spirits and impure lasting
till to the body.

Secondly, they go direct to the cough. I had not taken
any before I felt the cough shaking; it hold upon me
more looser and looser every dose I took, and the first
may be the second Sunday after I had begun taking
my first dose, I felt the cough, as during the meeting I had
very much coughed, why, previous to taking them I
thought, they were the great disturber of the meetings by my con-
stant coughing.

Thirdly, they healed the spitting of blood, and changed
completely the nature of the expectation. This was pre-
sently so bad that the doctors advised I should
take the pills, and I took advice I got from the
Lord, "You must take great care of yourself, for your
sins are affected." Now, whether my lungs are affected
or not, I cannot say, but I have been cured of the
Pain-Expeller Pills these two bad symptoms are re-
duced to a very small quantity, but this is the

[illegible]

appears in the form of cough, asthma, etc., as disease of the lungs, or in the form of hemorrhages, as disease of the functions of the lungs and occasional disorders. By changing the morbid state of the liver, irritation of the lungs immediately gives way. The liver is indeed the grand reservoir of the blood, and in various diseases of the head as well as other parts of the system. Therefore, when these views, then, there can be no doubt that the disorders of the liver are of the first importance, and every physician should be prepared to prescribe on rational principles, and by timely and efficacious attention to the most proper medicines, many very serious consequences may be prevented, which too often are entailed on the patient, and which would have been avoided by a remedy peculiarly adapted to the cure of liver affection. Dr. Sunkewater's Hepatic Elixir has proved to be the most potent and efficacious, and every day's experience

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For all the worst chronic diseases of all kinds no cure will be made until the patient is satisfied that he is fully improving and that a short time more would cure the cure.

There will be made in accordance with the circumstances of the applicants. Charges for medicine and attendance 25 to 50 cents. Particular attention will be paid to the treatment of Women and Children. Coughing, Leech and Vaccination attended to.

The Drug Department is attended by an Apothecary of years' experience, and all medicines dispensed from the Dispensary and upon as genuine.

Families who wish medicine only, will be furnished medicines much less than are demanded at other drug stores.

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Attending Physician and Surgeon.

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ED. SPRING, n16 in

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VESANT, COXSACKIE, and Germ-
land.**—STEAMBOAT SUPERIOR, Capt. John
Laidley, left pier foot of Cedar-street, This Afternoon,
Friday at 6 o'clock, for New York & freight, apply
to J. B. NICHOLSON, 183 West-st., 4th
floor.

MORNING BOAT.—
PEESKILL, VERLANGE, GRAS-
HOPPING, NING, TARRYTOWN, DOBBS'FER-
HASTINGS and YONKERS.—Breakfast and Din-
ner Board.—The new and splendid steamer COLUM-
bia, Capt. F. W. Stone, will leave for New York
at 10 o'clock every morning, (Fridays excepted)
at 6 o'clock; and returning leave Peekskill same day,
at 6 o'clock, P. M. Landing at the foot of Hammond-
each way.

Freight.—All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills, specie,
and other kind of property, taken, shipped, or put on
this Boat, must be at the risk of the owners of such
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A. R. COBURN & CO.,
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Foot of Whitehall-street—1st steam-
STATEN ISLANDER and SAMSON will run as
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STATEN ISLAND at 5, 10, A. M., and 1 1/2, 2, 3 and 5,
goods shipped are required to be particularly marked,
at the risk of the owners thereof.

ELIZABETH-PORT AND
NEW-YORK FERRY COMPANY
Wind, Arrangement, and Rates.
The steamboats WATER-WITCH and CINDERELLA
run from Elizabeth-Port to New-York, touching at
Brighton and Fort-Richmond, each trip, as follows:
Leave Elizabeth-Port, at 10 A. M. and 12 M.
Leave New-York, pier 1, N. R.
at 9 and 10 A. M.

arriving at the train will leave Goshen as follows :
 passenger 7 A. M.
 freight at 2 P. M.
 arrive at the station between Goshen and New York five hours.
 Vermont, Oct. 15, 1842. H. SEYMOUR, Sup't and Engr.
 6234

**NEW-YORK TO EASTON,
 PA.—PEOPLES' LINE.—Fare \$1 only.**
 (The New York & North River at 8 o'clock A. M.,
 Sunday, excepted,) by steamboat to Elizabeth
 or leave the foot of Courtlandt street at 9 o'clock A. M.,
 or Jersey Railroad to Elizabeth, and connect with
 the main line of the company's coaches there (only 34
 A. M. arriving at Easton at 8 o'clock, P. M. For seats ap-
 ply at D. A. Hope, Merchants Hotel, 4 Courtlandt-st.
 B. This route is the shortest of the short distance by
 cars, commends itself to the public.
 removed from 78 to 41 Courtlandt street. sep3

**LONG ISLAND RAILROAD
 COMPANY.—On and after Wednesday,
 November 18th, 1842, the trains will run as follows:**

leave Suffolk Station at 1 P M
 leave Deer Park at 4 1/2 o'clock, P M
 leave Hicksville and Hempstead at 7 1/2 A M and 2 P M
 leave Jamaica at 8 o'clock A M and 4 P M
 leave New York, at 9 1/4 A M and 4 1/4 P M
 leave Brooklyn at 9 1/4 o'clock A M and 4 1/4 P M

ON SUNDAYS
 leave Jamaica at 8 o'clock A M and 4 P M
 leave New York at 9 1/4 A M and 4 1/4 P M
 leave Brooklyn at 9 1/4 A M and 4 1/4 P M
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FOR SALE, at a bargain—A superior Farm of about 80 acres, with the Stock, Hay, and Farming Utensils. Said Farm contains 100 acres of land, 100 of which are in good condition, 12 miles from the city of Newark, New Jersey—a new House, Barn and Out-Buildings in good order—the balance of the purchase money can remain on mortgage for a term of years. For particulars apply to A. F. Smith, 100 City-street, New-York, or to Jas. Law, 308 Broadway, New-York.

WANTED—For cash, a moderate priced **HOUSE** in the vicinity of Fourth-street and Broadway. Also one in or near the upper end of Hudson-street, and a small Farm near the City and the East River, or, in exchange for a house and large lot in the City.

TO LET—Store and Back Room.
Suitable and recently occupied for a publication and
business office of a small paper called the American
Journal. Rent \$125 until the first of May next. Apply
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FOR SALE OR TO LEASE—The
subdivided property called Mansion House and Graysda
Beth Port, New Jersey, for sale, or to let for one or
more years. The property consists of a good sized man-
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filtering cistern with pumps in place; a good barn and
outbuildings, all nearly new, and in complete repair. The
grounds are enclosed with a high fence, with ornamental
trees, and laid out in fruit yard, garden, ka, well stocked
with the choicest fruit from Prince's and other nurseries, ex-
tending over a large portion of the property. The view
from the house is of the most beautiful character, and
the atmosphere of the place is of the most healthy and
pleasant. An unusual quantity of land can be had if
desired.
The premises are beautifully situated on a southern
slope, with the delightful prospect of Staten Island, the
city of New York, and the bay, and the communication with
New York is very easy and frequent—the steamboats of
the New York and New Jersey Ferry Company running
from the city, and the New York and New Jersey Rail-
road, passing within a few minutes of the place. Possession given immediately. For further particu-
lars apply to J. M. LOCKE, in room 131 Astor-Lenox-Tilden
building at No. 333 Pearl street.

THOMAS B. WOOD.